THE NEWCASTLE SPORTSMEN;

OR,

A RACE TO HELL!

Between three noted Characters of the preſent Day, viz.

A HIPOCRITICAL AND DEBAUCHED CLERGYMAN,
A CRUEL MILITARY MAN,
AND
A RELIGIOUS CORN DEALER, A MONOPOLIZER OF PROVISIONS, AND A STARVER OF THE POOR;

WITH A

POSTSCRIPT.

A SATIRE.

BY THOMAS HOUSTON.

LIKEWISE,

A LOVE ELEGY;

WITH

THREE ODES;

Intended as Hints to ſuch as will take them.

By his learned Friend, Cuthbert Cudgel, Eſq.

The THIRD EDITION, with Corrections and Improvements.

Let folly ſpring—my eagle, falcon, kite,
Hawk—ſatire—what you will, ſhall mark her flight;
Through huts or palaces, ('tis juſt the ſame)
With equal rage purſues the panting game. PINDAR.

Newcaſtle on Tyne,

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1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER! here is a race to hell between a hypocritical and debauched clergyman; a cruel military man; and a religious corn-dealer—a monopolizer of proviſions, and a ſtarver of the poor. Thou haſt here likewiſe a ſketch of an inſolent maſter tradeſman, in a very ſublime ſpeech delivered by that blabbing trollop, y'clep'd FAME. The firſt of theſe characters the poet has wiſely called CURIO; and this imaginary mortal, by the leave of the critic, is deſigned to repreſent, or rather murder in effigy, a raſcal who has, an hundred times before, murdered that darling daughter of Great-Britain and Ireland—RELIGION.—The ſecond of theſe candidates for hell is, alas! a mere whim of the writer. He thought that in ſuch a populous town as Newcaſtle there would, in the ordinary courſe of things, be found a perſon in a military capacity, cruel to his inferiors, a flogger of our gallant ſoldiers (men of free-born ſpirits, that ever do more for words than blows); and, for his vanity, ignorance, and ſelfiſhneſs in private life, a ſcandal to the military profeſſion. If, therefore, gentle reader! ſays our

author in this little advertiſement, thou happeneſt, in the courſe of thy wanderings through this great town, to fix thine eyes upon any ſuch perſon as that herein deſcribed, I beg thou wilt not ſwear to his face, that thou haſt formerly ſeen his picture in poetry; for he perhaps wears a ſword, and might, ten to one, communicate his experience in "cut one, two, three, &c. upon thy ſcalp, or poſteriors.—The third and laſt of theſe ſportſmen is HORDIUS; ſo named from his honourable profeſſion. Of him it is needleſs to comment; he is a corn-dealer, or the poet is miſtaken in his calculation. Enough, enough!

"Thus," ſays our author again, "my little poem, when concluded, reſembles ſome building founded upon and wrought out of the ruins of ſeveral others. The workmanſhip may be handſome enough, but the materials promiſe it no long duration. Vice and obſcurity, when united in a ſuperſtructure, ſeldom ſurvive a few months; therefore, all that I have to expect from my preſent undertaking, is, to buſtle a few days, die, and be forgotten."

T. HOUSTON.

A Race to Hell, &c.

WHERE *Shakeſpeare* bids you ſtop and dine,
Amidſt his laurels and his wine,
And L———s keeps an open hall
For gueſts of every kind that call;
There, on what night I cannot tell,
Three happy friends together fell.
—Who, or what, brought them thus together,
We need not aſk——'twas thirſty weather;
They wiſh'd to take a ſocial glaſs;—
But trifles ſuch as theſe we'll paſs.
They long had ſat; 'twas very late;
Each ſlept at length, and hung his pate;
Unſnuff'd, the candles dimly burn'd,
And every vacant glaſs was turn'd.
'Twas then, to tell my ſtory plain,
A curious dream inſpir'd each brain:
They dreamt (for all their dreams were one)
That here the race of life they ran;
Juſt as it was:—But more they knew;
(And viſions tell the future true.)

They thought that Satan, anxious grown
To have a fav'rite near his throne,
Had found ſome means to let them know
He waited on them all below.
He likewiſe promis'd, very fair,
That who got firſt and ſooneſt there
Should have an ample crown of gold;
A gift not to be bought nor ſold.
They thought, too, and in ſleep began,
That every ſoul ambitious ran;
Intent on hell, and on the prize;
While each his ſleeping friend defies.
—They ran, indeed; in ſleep they ran;
'Twas foot to foot, and man to man;
And ſuch their ſpeed, 'twas hard to tell
Who, firſt or laſt, arriv'd at hell.
They dreamt, too, (for they ſlept not ſound)
That Satan all his gates unbound;
But who ſhould ſhare his crown and pride
Was what the fire could not decide.
When all his wit and law had fail'd,
And murmurs oft his ears aſſail'd,
At length he pitch'd upon a way
To end this honorary fray.
—" D'ye ſee, my friends," (they dreamt he ſpoke
A pleaſant and inſtructing joke),
" You each an equal title claim
To hell and diabolic fame:

The prize you cannot all obtain,
So farther waſte of words is vain.—
Let each his former actions tell:
From actions we may judge as well."
  The ſentence paſs'd; the proſtrate crew
Eſſay'd to ſpeak, as men may do:
For men, in ſleep, not only talk,
But ſometimes riſe, and nightly walk.
Each, in his turn, to ſpeak prepar'd;
And ceas'd to ſnore, and mov'd his beard:
Firſt CURIO groan'd, a ſaint of fame;
And thus he ſeconded his claim.
  "My name is CURIO; born a ſinner,
In vice I was a young beginner;
And early gave the will its way,
Tho' taught to faſt, and taught to pray.
I early wiſh'd this ſtrife to try;
And, bent th' Almighty to defy,
Implor'd religion's hallow'd ſhade
My deeds, unſanctify'd, to aid.
How often in the houſe of pray'r,
With look devout, and ſaint-like ſtare,
Have ſongs of praiſe my mouth prophan'd,
When, Judas like, God's curſe I nam'd!
How often in the holy place,
With ſinful heart, and proſtrate face,
Have I diſcharg'd a feigned flood,
And, kneeling, drank the Saviour's blood.

How often on the banks of Tyne,
Unſeemly, drench'd in luſt and wine,
Have I the Lord's own hallow'd day
Prophan'd with lips inur'd to pray!
How often have I loiter'd nigh
Where famine ſat and poverty,*
Yet not one farthing would beſtow
To eaſe a fellow-creature's woe!
How often have I paſs'd along,
When maim'd diſtreſs eſſay'd his ſong;
Yet, deaf to heaven or human pride,
Stepp'd forward—*on the other ſide!*
How often have I ſinn'd by ſtealth—
How often lov'd a neighbour's wealth!
How often robb'd him of his wife,
And ſigh'd in ſecret for his life!
How oft have I, on miſchief aim'd,
My former lies and friends diſclaim'd;
How oft traduc'd my neighbour's fame;
How often *worn* a parſon's name,
The better only to deceive
In pimping, cheating, or to thieve:
How often ſtripp'd the widow's cell,
And yet forbid a place in hell!"

He ceas'd. POMPOSO thus began:
"Preſumptuous and loquacious man!

* See line 82 in the Notes.

Canſt thou with me provoke the ſtrife—
Damn'd in too young and rich a wife;
Canſt thou defy both God and law,
From coach and ſix, or fam'd l--d--u?
Canſt thou brave ſoldiers buy and ſell,
Or flog whole troops at once to Hell?
How oft have I beheld the tears
Of gallant men unus'd to fears.
How oft with ſtripes inglorious torn
Their fleſh that nobler wounds had borne.
How oft have I delighted ſtood
To ſee my fellow-ſoldier's blood;
When ſhaded by his hairs of grey,
His back, in flakes, was hewn away!
Delightful taſk! unmov'd to ſtand
Amidſt the military band;
There to perform the hangman's part,
With worſe than hangman-look and heart.
Approach, ye ſoldiers! view at laſt
Your recompence for ſervice paſt!—
Ye gallant ſouls, behold your gains
For toilſome ſteps, and red campaigns.
O grateful country! to forſake
Your honeſt guardian at the ſtake!
The thought muſt deeper wound his heart
Than bay'net, bullet, ſword, or dart.
But pity, fly!—Avaunt! farewell!
Nor linger on the verge of Hell:

I never knew thy plaintive voice
Since Hell and Satan were my choice:
I never lodg'd thee in my breaſt,
Thou breaker of the villain's reſt!
Mine are the crown and ruling rod;
But thine to weep, thou child of God."—
He ſaid; and loudly ſnor'd again:
When HORDIUS cry'd, "Thy vaunts are vain:
'Twas mine the corn to buy and ſell;
And mortals deem me worthy Hell.
Yes, yes, 'twas mine to hoard the corn,
And mark a path for knaves unborn;
'Twas mine to ſtarve the wretched poor,
And humble wealth before my door.
My ſtore-houſe oft was known to groan
With grain, when other rogues had none;
The cargoes, there, of fleets were led,
When thouſands died for want of bread.—
From regions of oblivion dark
I firſt came forth a Grocer's Clerk;
Tho' ſome, in tracing further back,
Find me a common drover's hack:
'Twas then, a ſolitary ſinner,
I knew the want of friend and dinner.
'Twas then that heav'n, to me moſt civil,
Gave me to worſhip God or Devil:
I choſe the laſt; and men could ſee
Me bow to God, and worſhip thee.

Then, Curio-like, I oft would ſtand
Amidſt a methodiſtic band,
Bawling to heaven in wretched rhymes,
That mock'd good ſenſe and holy times.
Yes, yes. I learn'd to cant and pray,
And yet purſu'd my ſinful way—
And when poor Boxmen dar'd combine
To purchaſe corn, and cheaply dine,
I only ſent a letter o'er—
And freights and cargoes were no more.
Then have I heard the orphan ſigh,
And ſeen the widow's ſtreaming eye,
For corn, one ſingle farthing down
Below the current price in town.
But vain their ev'ry ſigh and pray'r;
At market price the corn was there:
If they, too poor, refus'd to pay,
Some richer fool might come that way.
On Juſtice, Kenyon, Law, and all†
How oft I've ſeen theſe wretches call——
But, ſtarving fools! ye were to blame;
For Law and Kenyon never came.
Ye might have ceas'd to call and pray,
For Judge and Law will have their way;
Ye might have ſet your hearts at eaſe,
Nor frequent rail'd in words like theſe:

† See line 171 in the Notes.

" —Inhuman monſter! Thus to hoard
The honor'd ſervant of the board!
Enough of gins and wines remain,
If thou muſt hoard for thirſt of gain.
On ſuch, at leaſt, thy knav'ry try,
Such, ſuch monopolize and buy:
Let wealth's proud wants beſiege thy door;
But ſpare—O ſpare the ſtarving poor!"
" Enough!" The fiend impatient roar'd;
" The prize is yours!"—(He dreamt and ſnor'd)
While glaſſes, bowls, and candles fall,
And deeper darkneſs covers all.

POSCRIPT.

READERS! we thought our labour done,
Soon as this race was fairly run;
But Fame, a nymph you all muſt know,
Declar'd ſhe would not have it ſo.
" I know a man," the goddeſs cries,
" Who, daily, heaven and me defies:
Had he been there, his better ſpeed
The crown and hell had gain'd indeed;
Old Satan, ſure, is now grown blind,
To leave ſo great a man behind—

O write, my Bard, and truly tell
Of him, his men, and dinner bell:
Tell of his riches and his duns;
And how the Conſcience-Court he ſhuns.
His name then—But his name you know:
Who has not heard of ANGELO?
  Unfeeling man! I lately knew
A youth that into debt he drew;
Juſt as a ſpider from on high
Hangs out his net to catch a fly.
Leaſt here my ſhaft ſhould miſs its aim,
I'll tell a tale‡—perhaps the ſame:
Let truth be truth; we wont be *cramm'd*,
Tho' genius ſtarve and wit be damn'd.
  My tale then—" Once upon a day
A workman went to get his pay:
His maſter, too, you all muſt know,§
Was very like our Angelo.
He enter'd; bow'd ſo very civil,
And trembled as before the devil:
Then, with a voice of plaint and pray'r,
Declar'd what errand brought him there.
The maſter heard; and then, ſublime!
Perus'd the book of workmen's time;
—'Twas right; and over what was due
He gave another ſhilling too.

‡ See line 212 in the Notes.
§ See line 217 in the Notes.

The fellow ſeiz'd the glitt'ring ſtore;
His heart was lighter than before;
And, as if this would never fail,
Enjoy'd a harmleſs glaſs of ale.
Another Saturday appear'd;
Another glaſs his ſpirits cheer'd;
For fortune now, as heretofore,
Had likewiſe ſent a ſhilling more.
For ſeveral weeks this gift he drew:
What loads of work he labour'd through!
He bleſt the man that gave him bread;
And drank his glaſs; and nobler fed.
At length, (O that it ne'er had been!)
One fatal Saturday was ſeen;
Our youth, impatient as before,
Arriv'd, and told his errand o'er.
The maſter heard, and humbly ſaid
'Dear Sir!—You've long been overpaid;
This moment all is ſtrait and clear,
Next week, you know, will ſoon be here.'
Our ſwain ſtood ſtupify'd and dumb;
Survey'd the floor, and bit his thumb;
Retir'd with heavy heart and head,
And went, without his glaſs, to bed."

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Elegy was written by my honored friend, Cuthbert Cudgel, Esq. and was intended as a neceſſary hint to ſuch of the fair as find their lovers linger on the road to matrimony. It was likewiſe intended to apologize for ſuch of the other ſex, as, through an adverſity of fortune, might deem it inconvenient to conclude that important negociation.

I told my friend Cuthbert, on his offering it to me, that perhaps the public would find in it numberleſs faults; and the anſwer he returned was, "I believe my faults are many, but I had beſt let them grow as they ſprung up, leſt it ſhould be ſaid of them, as Mr Punch once ſaid of his noſe, on being told by ſomebody that it was too large; 'that is very true, kind ſir,' ſaid he, 'but I'll keep it as it is; for if this was gone, the bungling fool that made it would certainly clap on a bigger."

THOMAS HOUSTON.

A LOVE ELEGY,

BY CUTHBERT CUDGEL, ESQ.

TO DELIA.

WHILE ſultry noon, O Delia! rages nigh,
How cool we ſit beneath this woodbine ſhade—
But why that penſive look, that heaving ſigh?
And why this tear, too kind and tender maid?

From loſs of friends proceeds this diſmal change?
Some faithleſs confidante, or cruel ſire?
Some fickle youth that ſues and ſtill would range?
Some falſe one that could more than love deſire?

Or theſe, or more ſad cauſes, may unite
To rend thy boſom with untimely woes:
Theſe rob that boſom of its native white;
Theſe raviſh from thy cheek its vernal roſe.

Ah! no.----Nor rivals in thy love I fear:
Believe not, Delia, while I ſpeak in jeſt.
No fickle youth extorts that cruel tear;
Far other griefs diſtreſs that virgin breaſt.

Have I too long adjourn'd the nuptial day?----
Nam'd it too oft; and heard it nam'd in vain?----
Theſe thoughts on Delia's gentle boſom prey,
She doubts my conſtancy, and blames her ſwain.

O blame not me, my much enduring fair!
O blame not me, but fortune too ſevere:
Others have flocks and fields; but want and care
Alone, to me conclude the toilſome year.

Had I but wealth to render life ſecure,
How ſoon would Hymen on our wiſhes ſmile!
But hopes like theſe for ever muſt allure;
Vain hopes, to flatter, only to beguile!

Heavens! once how light I made of bags and gold!
How light of gold and bags I yet would make;
But now when bliſs may even be bought and ſold,
Too late I court them for my Delia's ſake.

You weep!---But weep not thus my kindeſt fair!
Forbear to wound me with the mournful ſight:
O yield not up that boſom to deſpair!
Fortune may ſmile, and yet forget her ſpite.

Wealth yet may flow, and years and friends increaſe;
(But O forbid ſuch treach'rous friends my door)
Yet lovely babes may crown our laſting peace;
And wedded bliſs our mutual love ſecure.

Behold where yonder ſtately turrets riſe,
Midſt many a winding ſtream and ſheltering tree:
Where coſtly art with ruſtic nature vies---
Yon happy pair were poor, and lov'd, as we!

Nor then was Corydon of lands poſſeſs'd;
Nor then his flocks on blooming paſture ſtray'd,
Then toil and care diſturb'd his ſweeteſt reſt;
And love ſubdu'd him to one gentle maid.

He lov'd his Myra, and would often ſay,
While ſighs and tears expreſt the maiden's grief,
"—Our frowning morn may turn a pleaſant day;
Our ſorrows, Myra, yet may find relief."

Even as he ſaid----Their cloudy morning paſs'd;
An early day of wealth and ſplendour came;
In Hymen's court their vows were crown'd at laſt:
They live,--they love,--they breathe a mutual flame.

CUTHBERT CUDGEL's

Attempt at Ode writing.

AN ODE TO BEAUTY.

HAIL queen of charms!---O thou tranſcendant!
With modeſty thy fair attendant!
Hail miſtreſs of divine creation!
Hail, ſource of life and propagation:
True love's attracting ſtar and Cuthbert's conſtellation!
In all thy virgin whiteneſs dreſt,
Say, ſitteſt thou on LAURA's breaſt?
Does Laura's cheek thy form diſcloſe,
In all the opening bluſhes of a roſe?
On Laura's lip,---In Laura's eye,
Midſt pearly tears you often lie----
Thoſe downcaſt eyes, with love's full pleaſure trembling,
Reveal thy preſence, goddeſs!----(Laura, Laura, no diſſembling!

When Laura's hair in jetty ringlets flows,
You fold the gloſſy curls, and half betray
A boſom heaving midſt its native ſnows----
Midſt ſheltering lawn ambitious of the day.

Thee, too, the amorous Tyne will oft inveſt,
When Laura's naked charms his waters kiſs---
O will the hoary ſtream thoſe charms moleſt
That ſhade th' elyſium of the poet's bliſs?
Ah! no.----The rambling dotard worn with age,
Feels not thy warming power tranſcendant beauty;
Laura may oft elude the lecher's rage,
And turn to Cuthbert's arms, and love, and duty.

A NEWCASTLE ODE,

By CUTHBERT CUDGEL, ESQ.

——And catch the manners living as they riſe.
POPE.

HAIL, O thou prince of ſtreams! Majeſtic Tyne!
And thou, far famous town, *Newcaſtle*, hail!
Long may thy ſons explore the ſable mine!
Long may thy veſſels catch the wandering gale!

But what congratulations can I bring?—
Thy ſons are virtuous.—very virtuous all!
Praiſe them my muſe! Exalt again thy wing,
But dip not theſe thy ſacred plumes in gall.

Of ———, ———, ———, late you ſung,
In notes that might the lonely mother charm
In notes that well might ſuit the orphan tongue;
In notes that might the heart of hunger warm.

Thou ſtill would'ſt ſing their praiſe, but O forbear
To ſpeak of flogg'd dragoon, or hoarded corn;
Or ſailor lame, with unrewarded tear;
Or ſervant ſad unpaid, and all forlorn.

Forbear to ſpeak of Satan and of Hell;
Enough of *laud* remains thy ſkill to try:—
Say, cannot martial captains ſuit as well;
And martial feathers towering to the ſky.

Yes, ſuch may ſuit——O Tavern-warriors hail,
Whoſe virgin ſwords ne'er drank a crimſon flood;
Whoſe proweſs paſt no vanquiſh'd ſhades bewail;
Whoſe deeds can never weep in valiant blood.

Hail ye, who eye aſkance the warlike files,
And ſtrut Pompoſo like from front to rear;
On whom the grateful ſoldier never ſmiles,
But views with hateful glance and heart of fear.

On whom no beams of livid ſuns deſcend,
Like Priam's ſop, whoſe looks and hearts are fair;
Whoſe eloquence divine whole mobs attend;
While ancient maidens praiſe your ſpeech in air.

But, ho!---The Muſe is gone! and all forlorn
Poor Cuthbert wanders now without a guide:
On Pegaſus the thriſty maid is borne——
To drink of Helicon's inſpiring tide.

She rides!---reſembling thoſe in tragic vogue,
Who ride from Grub-ſtreet hall to Drury Lane,
On ſome high courſer, ſpavin'd, german rogue
Of ſnort, and trot, and canter dev'liſh vain.

She rides!---reſembling thoſe with ſpur ſevere,
Who Odes like tuneful whips melodious crack,
When thouſands welcome in the infant year;
When Pye has mighty thouſands at his back.

But once again ſhe comes! And how ſublime,
She, downward ſteering cleaves the liquid ſky!
Her mental ear is wrapt in future rhyme,
What wonders blaze upon her eagle eye.

Relate my Muſe, relate thou wayward maid,
The wonders that thy looks but ill diſcloſe:
Say haſt thou ſlept in ſome parnaſſian ſhade,
Or drank of aught that from the mountain flows.

" Alas! my bard! My expedition fail'd;——
My courſer ſlip'd, and fell amidſt the Tyne:
In that ſame river I ſome hours regal'd,
'Twas my Caſtalia this; 'twas all my wine.

I crawl'd aſhore where fiſh and corn are ſold,
And ſmart retailers all their projects try;
I ſaw theſe bribe the conſtables with gold;
And Mr Mayor and citizens defy.

I ſaw, in rags, without a home or ſhed,
A widow and her children move along;
No generous heart beſtow'd the cheering bread;
No *poor-houſe* even receiv'd the penſive throng.

O ye" thought I " that patronize the poor,
Your penetrating judgment how ſublime!
With you impoſture finds an open door;
But real want muſt call ſome other time.

There ſaw I too, on Gig of monſtrous height,
Secure beneath th' umbrella's ſilken ſhade,
A champion ſkill'd in cupid's wars to fight,
A ſoldier for reviews and birth-days made.

Heavens! how he drove amidſt the flying fair!
O how he ſlack'd, and how he curb'd the rein!
What wrinkl'd beauties paid their homage there!
Low at his wheels what ſtubborn hearts were ſlain!

There, too. I saw, where T------r hangs the *queen*,
A comely *Brute*, by modest ladies fed,
Y'clep'd a goat---a goat in form and mein,
Powerful incentive to fair Venus' bed!

Blush! blush! I softly said, ye am'rous maids,
That here before a queen your dalliance hold;
These porticoes are not like Cyprian shades,
Nor here to Cytherea tales are told.

But why, or wherefore, should you blush, ye dames?
Continu'd I, in glib ironic strains;
The bull of *Crete* might better suit your flames,
But goats are Cretan bulls on English plains.

Agenor's royal daughter, too, I own,
Felt somewhat like a flame for crafty Jove,
When, like a bull, to very bullhood grown,
He graz'd the lawn, and play'd his pranks of love.

Even many 'xamples could the muse produce
To prove your innocence---all ancient lore---
But still 'twere best you drop such rank abuse
Of love---and feeding goats at T------'s door."

A

CONGRATULATORY ODE,

To the Members of the different independent Box Societies that lately entered into Reſolutions to prevent Impoſition, and be their own Corn Dealers.

BY CUTHBERT CUDGEL, ESQ.

BROTHERS in freedom, fortune, and in fame,
Long may your aims to cheapen corn ſucceed!
May heav'n reward your independent ſcheme;
May tongues of millions bleſs you for the deed!

O may your ſhips the ocean ride, ſecure
From plund'ring privateer, or ruthleſs ſtorm;
In Tyne's ſmooth channel may they ſafely moor,
While waiting lighters all his waves deform!

May never famine on your doors intrude!
May never ſickneſs in your dwellings reign!
May ſtill your babes have cloaths, and fire, and food!
And may your partners bear them free from pain!

May ſmiling peace your habitations know!
May wealth and honour all your labours crown!
May fame your deeds to future ages ſhow,
O men of honeſt lives and fair renown!

Forgive, my friends, forgive the vagrant muſe,
If here ſhe drops her panegyric ſtyle;
But follow ſtill, while ſhe her theme purſues,
With tongue diſdainful, or ironic ſmile.

Full many a Hordius, with infernal ſpite,
This laſt fair deed of your's will laugh to ſcorn;
Bet Cuthbert, too, has learn'd of ſuch to write;
O well for theſe had Cuthbert ne'er been born.

Yes, many a Hordius ſhall your deeds defame;
Alas! that e'er you merited their rage?
Why ſpoil at laſt their mercenary game?
Why in their northern South-Sea trade engage?

Behold where in their coaches, richly deck'd,
Our B-----.--, R---------, and D------- ride;
Ye ſons of poverty, why e'er expect
To ſpoil ſuch grandeur, and ſuch vulgar pride.

Why aſk the price, at Baltic, Elbe, or Rhine,
Of wheat, that here for mighty ſums is ſold;
Of wheat that ſcarce can feed Northumbrian ſwine---
Of wheat that little bulwark'd *Egypt*'s hold!

O rather than moleſt theſe ſons of gain,
Let wives and parents hungry bellies feel;
Let clamourous children cry for bread in vain;
Let all your days conclude with *hemp* or *ſteel*.

Turn thieves, highwaymen, hang amidſt your friends;
But aſk not, boxmen, why the corn is dear:
Let ------- aſk it, when to heav'n he bends,
With traitor heart, and counterfeited tear.

O let the hypocrite, of all he meets,
Aſk why ſo ſad and ſorrowful they go;
Aſk why ſuch famine in Newcaſtle ſtreets---
Amidſt ſuch plenty, why ſuch looks of woe?

Let Ruſby aſk it, whom our matchleſs laws
And matchleſs judges taught to feel their pow'r;
'Midſt mob and pillory, and loud applauſe,
O let him aſk, and curſe his natal hour.

But why ſo far as London wander, muſe?
Enough remains to ſing beſide the Tyne:
Yes, members, we might ſing the forg'd excuſe
Of him who ſtrove to baulk your late deſign:---

Of him who thought you too unlearn'd by far
To calculate the ſum your need requir'd;
Of him who deems your worſhips on a par
With ſavage hordes in Afric woods retir'd.

O men uncouth, that labour with your hands,
Why e'er pretend to talk of ſubtle lore;
Let thoſe who largely trade in corn and lands,
Direct your councils and augment your ſtore.

It ill befits you thus to meet and vote,
It ill befits your blunter tongues to wag,
While men of ſofter voice and finer coat
May better tie or looſe your money bag.

You ſhould not know to count a ſingle pound,
You ſhould not know your friends indeed from foes;
For guineas ſeldom with the poor are found,
And rich men ſtrive to lead you by the noſe.

Advance your noſes, then, ye ſhabby crew,
That thoughtleſs ply the dull mechanic trade;
The rich have far profounder brains than you---
The rich of finer ſtuff than you are made.

Cry "Abba, father!" to each rev'rend knave,
Grown grey, perhaps, and rich by hoarding corn:
Cry "Honor'd Sir! behold your humble ſlave,
"To ſerve your honour were your ſervants born!

To ſerve you, Sir, in thouſands we unite,
And, bee-like, gather honey for your uſe:"
But when to purchaſe corn you crave your mite,
'Tis nothing, then, O boxmen! but abuſe.

Again, farewell! but, O! remember long
This ode by Cuthbert, written for your ſakes
By him who ever feels the tradeſman's wrong---
Whoſe muſe again to heav'n her journey takes,

FOUR NOTES TO THE RACE,

By CUTHBERT CUDGELL, Esq.

Line 82. Where famine ſat and poverty.] The word Poverty here has raiſed a clamour againſt the taſte of the Author. "It is too old-faſhioned to rhyme with Nigh," ſay the Critics. "But," ſays the Poet, in anſwer to theſe Gentlemen, "I am determined that it ſhall rhyme with "Nigh.—Too much art, or appearance of art, compleatly ſpoils a work. Tell ſuch haſty judges, Cuthbert, "that I was not overſeen here in compoſition; but wrote "this rhyme with the ſame intention as the Gentleman "who planted weeds among his flowers, that the meanneſs of the one might be a contraſt for the beauty of the "other: Beſides, we ſhould not ſpin the thread of compoſition ſo fine as to break it."

Line 171. On Juſtice, Kenyon, Law, and all—.] Here is another weed among the flowers, or another coarſe thread in compoſition, according to the author of the Race. He knows that it might be expreſſed ſome other way; but his obſtinacy is proof againſt every remonſtrance. I have heard him too declare, in oppoſition to thoſe who cenſure his here uſing the name of an upright Judge, that he ever thought Mr Kenyon a man of as great penetration and probity as any that ever ſat in the Court of King's Bench; but his name was here uſed to illuſtrate an important and too much experienced truth—"That the diſ"treſſes of the lower claſſes of people in this iſland will "ever find but difficult acceſs to the ears of perſons in "power, be they never ſo upright and impartial in the "adminiſtration of juſtice."

Line 212. I'll tell a tale—.] This tale is only told by the Goddeſs Fame, a Nymph that ſometimes deals in untruths; but ſhe declares to our Poet that ſhe had it from good authority.

Line 217. His maſter too you all muſt know.] The author's obſtinacy is here again diſplayed. A very great man (but we will not ſay a great critic) had cenſured it in manuſcript, as too common a phraſe;—"But," ſaid the Poet, "if ſimplicity of diction be a fault in ſtory-tell"ing, language is of no other uſe to mankind than to "embaraſs them."

FINIS.

From the preſs of J. Mitchell,
Dean-ſtreet.

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